

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

THE WRECK.

*Across the night a gray moon fell
Through bars of shifting cloud to set
Where iron reef and white wave met
Sullenly at the doors of hell.*

*It saw the great ship's dying throes,
As one with dim, drawn face, who sees
A dumb beast in its agonies,
And may not help, and cannot go.*

*And, peeping still from wind-wrought
caves,
It watched amid the swirl and strife
Unlovely atoms, each a life.*

Posed on the up roar of the waves.

*Sick to the heart with fear untold
It crept behind a cloud, and died.
Then the black night was icy cold.*

*Last, out of chaos calmly bright,
Day dawned, and, with a greeting roar,
Triumphant ocean flung to shore
His broken playthings of the night.*

—Sydney Bulletin.



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CHAPTER XXI.

THE RESCUE OF ANGIOLA.

Russia is planning to build a canal from the Baltic to the Black sea. The length of the canal as surveyed will be 994 miles, but only 125 miles of artificial excavation will be necessary.

Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,862 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassia and 15 tons of jessamine.

Fruit is now being shipped from New South Wales packed in bark of the ti tree, and the outer bark of the melaena leucadendron, which is shredded into a sort of coarse chaff. These barks seem to have some peculiar power of preserving oranges during carriage.

What is known to geographers as the Cordilleras de los Andes is the longest and the highest range of mountains in the world. It extends from Tierra del Fuego to the Isthmus of Panama, and although some of the peaks of the Himalayas are higher, they are not as numerous.

One of the most important epochs in the history of German jurisprudence began on the first day of January, 1900, when the new German law went into effect. Under the new system Germany has a uniform legal procedure applicable to the various states comprising the German empire.

One fourth of the world's output of coal is mined in the United States. Last year 4,000,000 tons were exported, and the trade is growing fast. If it comes to pass that the world will have to look to this country for coal and flour, the position of the nation will be all but impregnable from a commercial standpoint.

"Electricity as we know it" is just 100 years old. In 1799 the Italian scientist Volta gave definite form to the method of producing the current, and it is from his name that we have the term "voltmeter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current, and "volt" as the unit of that measurement.

A runaway horse in New York, with vehicle attached, was stopped by a wooden Indian, which, with uplifted arm holding a bunch of wooden cigars, was doing duty in front of a cigar store. The horse took to the sidewalk and the lines became entangled with the Indian's arm. The image being chained to the premises, the horse was brought to a sudden stop.

Among the practical suggestions made at the International Council of Women in London was that of Miss Alice Ayrton, who drew the attention of the sex of which she is a distinguished ornament to a new field of work, that of the manufacture of electrical instruments, the demand for them being very largely in excess of what manufacturers are able to supply.

The latest idea in the way of a portebonheur is to carry a tiny puss of wondrous goldsmith's work swinging as a pendant from the end of your longnette chain. The cat is made of black enamel upon metal. Its eyes have a metallic green gleam. Are they not tiny catseyes? The sapeint puss wears a collar of brilliants set close about her furry neck. This, it seems, is the very "latest."

A pair of elephant tusks, the largest on record, was found recently in the Kilimandjaro district in Africa and bought for an American museum for \$3,500. The larger tusk measures ten feet four inches along the outer curve and weighs 230 pounds; the other is a trifle shorter, and weighs ten pounds less. The record tusk before these was nine feet five inches long, and is now in England.

As a money making business Germany's colonial system is not a propitious success. The total trade between Germany and her colonies in 1898 was \$3,591,500. The government subsidies to assist the colonies and protectorates cost \$3,697,000, a loss of more than \$100,000, and these figures do not include the expenses at Samoa, nor \$300,000 paid to steamship companies, nor yet the expenses of distant naval stations, post routes and telegraph service.

Various fruits are colored on the surface or in their substance to suit the fancy of purchasers in France. For example, strawberries that are unripe are given a red color by means of a fuchsine preparation; ordinary oranges of poor quality are made to pass for blood oranges by injecting roeoline in to their pulp; and melons are rendered of a fine orange color by injecting a solution of tropoline, and at the same time aromatized with an artificial melon essence.

In the 55th congress Maine clearly enjoyed the distinction of having the strongest delegation in the house, but in this congress the Iowa delegation, by common consent, stands at the head. Six out of Iowa's 11 men bring fame to the state, for the remaining five are now in congress for their first term and so can not be considered. These six men are David B. Henderson, William P. Hepburn, J. F. Lacy, Jonathan P. Dorrill, John A. T. Hull and Robert G. Cousins. They are all lawyers and some of them bore arms during the civil war.

rear that echoed through the house a huge bear rose on his hind legs and struck out at my face with his claws.

"Diavolo! go back," shouted the sentry to the brute, and I whipped out my sword; but the animal merely stood in the open doorway, making no further advance, his great jaws open and puffing like a blacksmith's bellows.

"Cossetto!" he said, "it is useless." shouted the sentry again; indeed he seemed positively to hate the animal, and from inside came low, deep-toned but mocking laugh. "Come back, Pluto—down, you brute—down!" then there was a heavy "thud," the tinkling of shattered glass, and the bear, dropping on its fore feet, stumbled back into the room. I was considerably startled and not a little angry, but concealing these feelings, stepped boldly into the room, keeping my drawn sword still in my hand.

"The Cavaliere di Baglioni?" I inquired.

"At the Cavaliere di Saveli's service" and a tall figure rose from a lounge chair and surveyed me. I confess that my heart began to beat a little fast when I saw the man against whom I was to pit myself. He was far above the middle height, and proportionately broad. His grizzled hair, parted in the middle, hung down straight to his neck, and a thick gray beard and mustache hid his mouth and chin. A cruel hooked nose, almost Hebraic in shape, was set between a pair of small and piercing eyes. His complexion was deathly pale, and by the light which fell from the barred window I saw beneath the skin the little red lines of swollen veins which marked an intemperate life. At a small table beside the chair was a pack of cards and a glass half filled with red wine, the bottle from which the wine was taken was lying in fragments at the door, where it had fallen and broken to bits, after being flung at Pluto. The bear was now beside his master, facing me, his huge head held down and swaying from side to side. We remained for half a minute staring at each other, and then Baglioni spoke again, with his deep, sneering accent: "Is it usual for the Cavaliere di Saveli to pay visits with a drawn sword in his hand?"

"I am not surprised," Corpo di Baoco! The king again! and I flung down the pack in apparent disgust.

"Down, Pluto!" and Baglioni turned to me. "The king again. What was that you said?"

"Cutting left hand against the right. I lost three times."

"I lost ten thousand one night over cutting—but help yourself, and he pushed the flask towards me, and then filled his own, which he drained at a gulp.

"Come, cavaliere—you are in no hurry—cut me through the pack."

"With pleasure, but my purse-bearer is downstairs—will you permit me to see him?"

"By all means—the heavier the purse the better for me."

"A favor—I cannot play with that beast near me—could you not send him away?"

"Send him away—my familiar," he said, with an awful smile. "No, no, Di Saveli—he is my luck; but I shall keep him at a distance if you like."

I rose and went down to Jacopo, and found him and Bande Nere already on friendly terms with the guard. I took my purse from him and found time to whisper a warning to strike the moment he heard my whistle. When I came back I was relieved to find the bear fastened by a chain to a ring in the wall. The chain itself was weak and could have been snapped with ease, but the animal made no effort to strain at it, and lay down as contentedly as a dog. Baglioni had pulled a table into the center of the room and was seated at it, impatiently ruffling the cards.

"Back at last," he said, and his voice had lost its measured cadence; "heavens, I have not spread the cards for a whole year—what stakes?"

"Simply cutting the cards?"

"Yes. It is the quickest game I know."

"Say a crown each turn to begin with."

We cut through four times, and I paid over two crowns. Baglioni laughed as he put them on one side; "peddling stakes these, cavaliere—make them ten crowns a cut."

"Agreed—three cuts and a shuffle."

He nodded, and I paid ten crowns, feeling at this rate that my purse would soon be empty; but I saw that the fever was taking hold of him, and offered to double the stakes.

"I follow the head of my house."

"Exactly. You are aware that His Holiness is now over 70 years of age."

"The lambkin of God, Alexander—yes."

"Well, he cannot go on forever, and if he were to die it is an end to the Borgia."

"Ho! ho!" he laughed, "this is an end to the Borgia—Cavaliere, your employers are mad. It will take not a little to break Cesare—Cesare Borga, Duke of Romagna, Imola and Faenza, Marquis of Rimini, Count of Forlì, Lord of Pesaro and Fano, Gonfaloniere of the Church—good for a low-born bastard—eh? Ho! ho! break Cesare? Not you!"

"Stronger trees have fallen, signore—remember, we have France and the Florentines on our side, and 20,000 men, under Tremouille and Trevulzio, are not 20 miles from you."

I was playing a risky game. If I did succeed in inducing this man to listen to my proposals, and he actually persuaded his cousin to do likewise, it would be a terrible blow to the Borgia. On the other hand, I ran the immediate risk of being arrested and kept a prisoner or killed outright. But it was the only way to gain time and look about me; and whilst Baglioni reflectively stroked his strange pet, making no reply to my last speech, I glanced cautiously but carefully around the room. Like the passage outside, the walls were hung with old armor and old flags. Time had defaced the pictures on the ceiling, and such furniture as there was was old, and the coverings of the chairs and tables moth-eaten and wine-stained. The stale odor of wine mingled with the must of a long untouched room, and everywhere, on the tables, on the chairs, and stretching here and there on the floor, were cards. Evidently the cavaliere had a weakness in this direction, and like lighting it flashed upon me that if he were a gambler he was probably a gambler in his hands, and I would drop policy and turn to the cards. My thoughts were interrupted by Baglioni, who broke the silence. "What evidence have you to show you are the person you represent yourself to be?"

"I can offer you none. It matters like these ones does not carry evidence about—but if you like to send a trusted messenger to Rome, to the Cardinal d'Amboise—see the reception he will get—or, nearer still, to Tremonville?"

"And why come to me?"

"Because of your influence with your cousin, and because you are a man who will play for a big stake," and I risked the shot. His eyes flashed and his hand stopped in its movement through the fur of the bear.

"My influence with my cousin is—that," he snapped his fingers, "but a big stake—yes—I like playing for big stakes."

I stooped and picked up a card, holding it idly up between my finger and thumb.

"This, what I propose, is a bigger stake than you could ever get on the king, cavaliere," and with a twist of my wrist I sent the card from me; it hit the wall opposite with a smart tap, and then floated slowly and noiselessly down to the floor of the room.

The man's eyes followed the card, and he muttered as to himself:

"A big stake—yes—Carlo gives me nothing—I am his jailer—I, who in a single night have lost two lordships to Riaro, have now not a ducat to fling in the air, except what the nigard allows me."

"Knock again," I said, a little impatiently, and this time a deep voice called out:

"Enter."

I placed my hand on the door to open it, when the sentry spoke with unexpected civility:

"Take care of the beast, signore!"

"The beast—what beast?" I asked, preventing not to know anything of Pluto's existence.

"His excellency's bear—do not fear it—else it might injure you—cossetto! But it is perfect friend if you run from it. It killed poor woman the other day."

"Diavolo! Cavaliere, you are not going without some refreshment. Ho! without there," and his deep voice pealed out like a great bell.

The bear, which had stretched itself on the floor, rose with a grunt, but Baglioni pressed its head down, and it sank back and began to lie itself between its paws, like an enormous bee, or rather with the sound a thousand bees might make.

After a little delay there was a knock at the door, but apparently, as usual, the person outside, whoever he was, did not feel disposed to come in. My host rose in anger and stepped across the room, followed by his beast, the latter passing unpleasantly close to me.

There was an altercation at the door; the host went out with his pet, and for a minute or two I was left alone. I moved my seat nearer to the small table beside Baglioni's lounge, and, taking up the pack of cards, began to shuffle and cut them.

The cavaliere came back very soon, a flask in one hand and a glass in the other.

"Blood of St. John!" he exclaimed, as he set down with a clink on the table, "those rascals—I will have their ears cut off—they fear this poor lamb," and he fondled the great bear, which rose on its hind feet and began muzzling its master.

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"For the love of God—quick, execellency quick!"

"God, I suppose, gives men strength sometimes for his own purposes. And so it must have been with me, for I picked my dear up in my arms and half giddy and staggering made my way to the entrance door. I need not say I had no time to look about me, but Jacopo helped me with my burden. Lifting her to the pommel of the saddle, I sprang up behind, and, drawing my darling close to me, with a shout of triumph I set free my plumping horse and let him go with a loose rein.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ugo di Saveli, I shew sat-is di rso sol
May I ask your business? If it is any mes-
sage from your master I decline to hear it,
and she turned away with a motion of su-
preme disdain, thinking no doubt that I was
a follower of Count Carlo.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Baglioni at my look of
discomfiture, "the future countess can speak
her mind. I pity Carlo. You had best cut
short your five minutes, cavaliere, and come
back to the cards."

At this moment I heard the bear whining
below, impatient for his master, and I knew
his bonds were all too slender to hold him. There was nothing for it but to save Angiola
in spite of herself. All this happened in a
flash, and with my full strength I hit Baglioni
below the left ear, just where the neck
and head united. So sudden, so unexpected
was the blow that the huge man rolled over
like an ox, and a short shrill scream broke
from Angiola. My sword was out in a moment,
and I stood over Baglioni.

"A cry, a movement, and I kill you like
a dog," I gasped out, my breath coming thick
and fast; "throw the key to the lady—pick
it up, girl—quick—now run to the door and
stand there—I am here to save you."

It was done at once, for Baglioni saw me
the moment I hit him, and springing back
closed quickly the door. I heard him groan
and groan, and then a sharp cry of pain, and
then silence.

"Come, cavaliere—you are in no hurry—cut
me through the pack."

"With pleasure, but my purse-bearer is<br

Ralph Ringwood.
True Story of a Kentucky
Pioneer.

(Continued from last week.)

It militated somewhat against the self-independent course I had so proudly, or rather conceitedly, marked out for myself, but it would enable me to enter more advantageously upon my legal career. I talked over the matter with the lovely girl to whom I was engaged. She sided in opinion with my father, and talked so disinterestedly, yet tenderly, that if possible, I loved her more than ever. I reluctantly, therefore, agreed to go to college for a couple of years, though it must necessarily postpone our union.

Scarcely had I formed this resolution, when her mother was taken ill, and died, leaving her without a protector. This again altered all my plans. I felt as if I could protect her. I gave up all idea of collegiate studies; pursued myself that by dint of industry and application I might overcome the deficiencies of education, and resolved to take out a license as soon as possible.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and within a month afterward was married.

We had not been married many days when court was held at a county town, about twenty-five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business; but how was I to go? I had expended all my means on our establishment; and then, it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should soon have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me.

The next morning the court opened. I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having a suit in progress or prospect, nor having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning, a man was put at the bar charged with passing counterfeit money, and asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had the opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked round the court, and selected me. I was thunderstruck. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly in favor of his innocence, but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge, nor jury. I followed him to jail, and learned from him all the particulars of his case: thence to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to my bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain.

Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap; the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish with my good fortune! But then the awful responsibility I had undertaken!—to speak for the first time in a strange court; the expectations the culprit had evidently formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing the morning would find me exhausted and incomptent; a word, the day dawned on me, a miserable fellow!

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquillize my feelings. It was a bright morning; the air was pure and frosty. I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream; but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife, in her lonely log-house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. In an instant my diffidence was gone. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. I carried the case through triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. From that time forward I never lacked for a case, and was able to keep my family in good circumstances.

(The end.)

The Counties.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

A fine girl was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Skinner.

John H. Bicknell has moved a new saw-mill to his farm and expects to do great business in logs and lumber.

Christmas was so quiet here that it passed almost unnoticed.

R. L. Richardson was a guest of Elly Bicknell recently.

John Gentry was the guest of Eli Bicknell last week.

Miss Lucy Bicknell visited Miss Nannie Bicknell last week.

During the past week a good many people on Red Lick creek have been busy moving.

Mrs. Cynthia Bicknell received a handsome rocking-chair for taking the most eggs to C. C. Chadwell. She took 505 dozen in a year.

D. F. Click visited your correspondent recently.

Clay County.

Grace.

Mr. Rice, of Bunkham, was here recently.

W. M. Murray is very busy now in his store business.

Isaac Stapleton and wife have been reunited after a week's separation.

John A. Murray has been very sick but the doctor says he is now better.

Mrs. Eliza Riggs fell and broke two ribs during the recent cold time.

W. T. Brighmon and family returned home Saturday after a visit with relatives.

Rev. Perry Smith, of Livingston, passed through here last week on his way to Brigham's Chapel.

Helen Brighmon returned home from Burning Springs on a visit. She expects to go back soon.

T. J. Johnson was here Wednesday, trying to get up a school for his daughter, Miss Bessie Johnson.

R. B. House's school closed here lately. He has conducted a good school and we hope to have others like it.

The three Murray boys, Ed, Bob, and John were taken up recently on a charge of conspiracy, but were acquitted when they came to trial.

Ogle.

Wash Davidson visited Miss Maria Swafford last Sunday week.

T. F. Clark visited friends here Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Thomas May was cut in the arm at Manchester last Sunday week.

Ed Frederick visited friends on Martin's Creek Thursday and Friday of last week.

Maria and Ellen Swafford have moved into the house with their brother Daniel.

Joseph Lewis shot and killed Finley Freyman last week Tuesday. It was said to be accidental.

At the recent trial of the Mays and Lewises General May was shot in the back and Elijah Lewis in the arm. Recovery is doubtful.

Bright Shade.

Silas Wagers, of Manchester, visited his home near here Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grear spent a few days here recently.

Silas Wagers lost a cow last week.

Elizano Smith is slowly improving, after severe sickness.

Onedia.

John Campbell has moved his family to Onedia.

Reuters near this place are busy preparing for their crops.

The Mamre Baptist school is progressing nicely, with about seventy-five students.

Mrs. Sam Burns, Mrs. A. H. Burns, Alex Burns' child, and John Davidson's child are sick at present.

Robert Hacker says he will finish his logging job soon.

Burns and Peters have bought the stock of goods formerly owned by Robert Carnahan on Bullskin.

Owsley County.

Sturgeon.

John Russell and his brother, of Wolf, are in Owsley spending a few days.

Robert Evans is very sick at this writing. The doctor says it is due to cold.

Mr. Garrett's school at Royal Oak is doing well. Garrett is a wide-awake, up-to-date, energetic teacher and knows his work and how to do the same.

Mr. Gillis Crank's son Henry accidentally shot himself last Monday, by having a revolver in his pocket while chopping wood, his axe handle striking the pistol and it fired in his pocket. The shot passing into his thigh. The wound is thought not fatal.

Robert Brandenburgh, who accidentally shot himself some time ago, is thought will not recover.

Mr. Henry Isaacs has a full school at Elk-Lick school house number 13.

He is a teacher of long and varied experience and knows how to break wild colts and make good citizens of them. He is so kind and gentle and patient with the little folks and never fails to win their confidence, love, and never fails to succeed as teacher in the common schools.

Sturgeon.

Jeff Conrad's wife is very sick and has been so for several days.

Jas. G. Wilson, Jr. will soon commence moving to his farm in Jackson that he has recently bought.

The people of this section are commencing farm work for the next crop by repairing fences.

Brother Jas. Creech preaches at Traveler's Rest every Thursday night. He is young in the work but we hope he will do well.

G. W. Garrett, another good teacher, has taken up school at Regal Oak District number 17. We hope he will be successful in his work.

Rev. C. W. Hamilton, of Island Creek, who has been blind for many years is very low of pneumonia fever and the doctor thinks there is very little hope of his recovery.

Henry Isaac, of Buck Creek, is teaching school this winter at Elk Lick school house District number 13 and has 41 pupils. Henry Isaacs, always a good school and is a successful teacher. His heart is in the work.

Gabbard.

One of Edward Gabbard's little boys has the fever. Edward has had the fever, but is now on the mend.

Several of the boys and girls of this County are attending school at Berea College this winter. Your correspondent wishes them all success.

Joseph and Willie Herndon, of Booneville, passed through here Thursday on their way home from Buffalo where they had been on business.

Jacob Gabbard, Sr., is the oldest citizen of this place, being now 87 years of age. Mr. Gabbard, is very strong to be as old as he is, but is failing in eyesight. He was born in Washington Co. Va., in 1813, came here in early youth and has lived here ever since. Mr. Gabbard has five children, three sons and two daughters.

Jackson County.

Collingsworth.

A. P. Gabbard is building a steam mill.

J. C. Powell sold Marion Coyle some hogs at \$3½ cents.

Hon. W. H. Culton, of Frankfort, is here on a business trip.

James Gabbard has been appointed Deputy Sheriff under G. A. Jones.

Henry Bishop and three ladies from Indiana, passed through here en route to Clay on a visit.

Rufus Callohan and Miss Abbie McCollum, of McKee, were married last Thursday.

Several of our citizens were summoned to Frankfort Monday to testify in contests there.

Samuel Standifer, of Perry county, has purchased J. C. Powell's Clover Bottom farm for \$800 cash.

Circuit court is just over at McKee. Three men received penitentiary sentences for horse stealing.

A. S. McGuire and son, of Lincoln county, passed through here going to the mountains to buy cattle and mules.

Carter Moore, of Welchburg, and Miss Fannie Jones, of Tyner, were married last Thursday at the residence of the bride's father.

Clover Bottom.

Sheridan Ballard is building a new dwelling.

Several of our young folks have the whooping-cough.

Major Cruise says he is going to Illinois next March.

Viola Click went to Berea last week to attend school.

John Dean and Frank Abney have gone to Annville to school.

Miss Nannie Hatfield will go to Berea soon to attend school.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baker died last week.

Peter Bartlett, of Richmond, passed through here enroute for McKee.

Rev. Parsons preached at Kirby Knob last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Crawford, of Illinois, visited relatives here during Christmas, returning home last week.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Receipts for Long Living.

Fix deeply in mind the grand truth that life-power rules the body, and that it alone can cure disease.

Life-power lives upon air, water, and food only; all else is hurtful.

Make cleanliness your motto, and watch against filth in both house and grounds.

Few starve for food, but many for air. Breathe deeply a hundred times daily. Wear no tight clothes. Above all, ventilate your sleeping room.

Beware of gluttony. If the appetite is dull eat fruit only or eat nothing. Use no fiery condiments, but live chiefly on natural grains, vegetables and fruits. Never ask your stomach to chew your food—employ your teeth. Adorn your table not only with viands, but with flowers and smiles and with kindly words.

Deformity is not awkwardness only, but danger. A high chest will give freedom to breathing, and digestion helps to cure many diseases.

Shun stimulants and drugs as you do pestilence. For tea and coffee drink hot water, and in illness let the same magic fluid be your physic.

Thin blood causes colds and countless other diseases. Keep the lungs active by deep breathing, the skin by baths and friction, the kidney by free drafts of warm water, the bowels by correct eating, and the blood will be pure.

Spend part of each day in muscular work, part in study, and part in good deeds to men and in the worship of God.—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Thoughts for the Quiet Hour.

He whose yesterday is full of industry, ambition, full of books and conversation and culture, will find his tomorrow full of worth, happiness and friendship.—Newell D. Hillis.

The cross of Christ is the heart of the divine system, and all who by preaching are hiding the meaning of this emblem are concealing the meaning of the gospel itself.—Manna.

Yesterday is yours no longer; tomorrow may never be yours, but today is yours, the living present is yours; and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—F. W. Farrar.

'Tis an absolute and, as it were, a divine perfection for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being. We seek other conditions, by reason we do not understand the use of our own; and go out of ourselves, because we know not how there to reside.—Montaigne.

No man ever yet asked to be, as the days pass by, more noble and sweet and pure and heavenly minded—no man has yet prayed that the evil spirits of hatred and pride and passion and worldliness might be cast out of his soul—without his petition being granted, and granted to the letter.

And with all other gifts God then gives us his own self besides. He makes us know him and love him and live in him.—F. W. Farrar.

THE SCHOOL.

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In the Cupboard.

What an interesting time we should have, if some day, the things in the pantry or the corner cupboard should be found talking, each in the language of its country. Salt being so common,—one of our daily companions indeed—should be heard first. What a story it could tell of the underground